A CHAT WITH WARD MCALLISTER.

TOW HE CAME TO BE A FAMOUS BALL ORGANIZES -REMINISCENCES OF COTILLON DINNERS.

The name of the gentleman who manages the balls of the Patriarchs' Society in this city is familiar to most people who read the newspapers By many an aspirant for social elevation he is regarded as a mysterious power, whose favor is "Open Sesame," or as an ogre who stands blocking the way to the enchanting inner circle of New-York society.

In a social chat the other evening. Ward Mc-Allister dispelled the idea that he was an absolute social monarch; he is only a representative of the exclusiveness that must necessarily characterize the balls which he conducts for society. His looks are certainly not terrifying. A well-knit frame supports a large head: the open forehead, genial, brilliant eyes and benevolent features, set with mustache and imperial, combine to form an expression that may be called fastidious or judicial, but by no means unkind. A representative of an old Southern family, he lives with quiet taste and easy comfort in East Sixteenth-st. His lawyer's education, tact and large acquaintance stand him in good stead as a manager of estates and promoter of financial, commercial or political enterprises where diplomacy is essential. A forenoon devoted to business, an afternoon stroll up the avenue, with an hour or two at the Union Club, a dinner party or ball in the evening. make up his routine when in town. Travel. a month or two at Newport-where he has a well-managed farm as well as a cottage-with occasional trips to the city, make up his summer schedule.

BEGINNING HIS EXPERIENCE AT NEWPORT. "Well. I would have to go back to the time when I was married to get at the beginning of my connection with social festivities," said Mr. McAllister, when requested to give his reminis-That was in 1853. I went to Europe, came back in 1856, and spending the summer at Newport, naturally fell into the social tide there and soon began to organize the Newport picraics. Never heard of them? Well, you are young, yet. I would organize a small party, hire a steamer, and go off to some place like Rocky Point, where we would have a good function, dinner or clam-bake, with a frolic and dance, and a mooninght sail

flow did I come to manage these things? Well, I hardly know myself. I appreciated at the out-set the importance of enlisting the leading men, lathers of families, who would stand by me and make failure impossible. The next great thing that I have always had to insist on is exclusiveness. A ball that any one can gain admittance to is never attractive, while one that is rigidly exclusive will make invitations sought for by everybody. Then I have always insisted on an attractive and, if possible, a novel piace for meeting; the best of viands, wine and service, and, you can add, the best of music and most artistic floral decorations. There you have the secret of successful ball-giving in a nutshell."

"How old is the Patriarchs' Society, Mr. Mc-Allister?" lathers of tamilies, who would stand by t

"How old is the Patriarchs' Society, Mr. Mc-Allister?"

"Let's sec. The Patriarchs started in '73. Yes, but we had the Cotillon dinners before that. You see I had to come to New-York. The damp air at Newport did not agree with me. Well, we organized the Cotillon dinners, you know. Perhaps sixty or seventy people would meet, have a good dinner, and dance the german afterward."

"Who used to had then?"

"There were Henry Coster and James Otis and T. Burnett Baldwin. Yes, John G. Heckscher used to lead, too, and George Bend came on later. You see there were not so many millionaires in those days, and few people were spending their incomes. One of these was Mr. Belmont. I suppose he expended \$60,000 or \$70,000 a year. He keyt a chef at \$60 or \$70 a month, which was thought exorbitant in those days. It seems absurd in these days, when every one of prefensions keeps a chef and rays him \$100 to \$150 a month. Then the chef often manages to get a commission of the chef often manages to get a commission of 20 per cent from tradesmen, so he makes a nice salare. You know the chefs at the Hoffman House and Delmonico's get \$6,000 a year.

OBJECTS OF THE PATRIABONS' SOCIETY. Well, as society grew and fortunes increased, as well as families, the leaders in society felt the need of an exclusive series of assemblies, at which to bring out their daughters and introduce to them eligible young men of good character, as well as to entertain each other and foreigners or strangers in the city. This led to the organization of the Patriarchs' balls, and I was asked to superintend

You know there are fifty Patriarchs, who subscribe to pay for each season's series of three or four balls. Each Petriarch has five invitations for ladies and four for gentlemen, besides his own, to distribute, and he asks whomever he pleases. The only safeguard as to the character and exclusiveness of the guests is the high social standing of the Patriarchs themselves. This is made doubly safe by the rule that every invitation must bear the name of the guest and the name of the Patriarch issuing it, so that if any objectionable person should appear at a ball, the tickets would show who had invited him or her. But such a thing has never happened; every Patriarch knowing that he is the sponsor for the character of the guests he invites. The idea that some people have that I exercised a censorship over the list of guests invited is erroneous. My judgment may be sometimes requested, or I may have some tickets referred to me with discretionary power as to their distribution on special occasions, when Patriarchs are absent and cannot well send out invitations themselves."

"Might not the same person receive invitations from a half-dozen different Patriarchs?" DUPLICATE INVITATIONS PREVENTED.

"Certainly. There is where my work comes in, to prevent duplication. Often there is a rush of invitations offered to various popular people. The first Patriarch who sends me his list of names has the tickets issued by me with the names of his guests filled in, forwarded to him. If the next list contains names already selected, the list is returned for substitutions. I have to keep, therefore, a record of all the guests invited and who invites them. The extra tickets are usually who invites them. The extra fickets are usually tendered to strangers from other cities, and to foreigners of rank. It is against the rules for a Patriarch to erase the name of a guest and substitute another name. He must apply for a new card of admission. An error of this kind caused some annovance to Miss Elste de Wolfe last winter, the ticket being irregular, and she was stopped by Johnson until the matter was satisfactorily explained.

by Johnson until the matter was satisfactorily explained.

"Only five of the original Patriarchs are now on the list. They are Robert G. Remsen, J. W. Hamersley, Maturin Livingston, G. H. Warren, and myself. Others of the original Patriarchs were J. J. Aster, Delancey Kane, st. Alexander S. McComb. F. S. G. d'Hauteville, W. Butler Duncan, A. Gracie King, Louis Mason Jones, Eugene Livingston, E. T. Snelling, and W. R. Travers. Mr. Travers used to be a princely entertainer and almost rivalled Mr. Belmont in hospitality. The Patriarchs' balls were begun in Delmonico's Fourteenth-st. restaurant, which I still think was the finest assembly room for the purpose that the city has had. When Delmonico moved to Fifth-ave and Twenty-sixth-st. we followed him and have had every ball since at that place except one at the Metropolitan Opera House. The difficulty of serving the supper at this last place prevented our repeating the Opera House. The difficulty of sections the per at this last place prevented our repeating the

experiment.

"Society," continued Mr. McAllister, "is an occupation in itself. Only a man who has a good deal of leisure and a taste for it can keep up with its demands and with what interests it. Say what you will, the modern leader of society must still have considerable of the old courtier and chevalier endowment to make a success of it. Numbers of people are inthe old courtier and chevalier endowment to make a success of it. Numbers of people are introduced in fashionable society every season who cannot and do not make a success, and they fall out. They cannot float themselves even when some one gives them a good start. These people bave not the poise, the autitude for polity convertation, the polished and deferential manner, the infinite capacity of good humor and ability to entertain or be entertained that society demands.

SOCIETY'S LIMITS NABROWING.

"Why, there are only about 400 people in fashionable New-York society. If you go outside that number you strike people who are either not at ease in a ball-room or else make other people not at ease. See the point? Of course there are any number of the most cultivated and highly respectable, even distinguished, people outside of fashionable society. When we give a large ball like the last New Year's ball for eight hundred guests, we go outside of the exclusive fashionable guesta, we go outside of the exclusive fashionable act and invite professional men, doctors, lawyers, editors, artists and the like. But the day when fortunes admitted men to exclusive society has gone by. Twenty or thirty years ago it was otherwise. But now with the rapid growth of riches millionaires are too common to receive much deference; a fortune of a million is only respectable poverty. So we have to draw social boundaries on another basis; old connections, gentle breeding, perfection in all the requisite accomplishments of a gentleman, elegant leisure

Chesterfields and Bayards, Sidneys and, Raleighs."

"Have not New-York's most bridiant entertainments often been in private braises?"

"Yes; and always will be, for verious reasons I can remember some brilliant affrars when medike Belmont and Travers entertained; when Delancev Kane had the old Barsda house, and when W. Barler Duncan entertained the first C. D. C. ball. You know the Family Circl Daneing Class was started as an overflow for the gotinger element when the Patriarchs' balls ceased to suffice for their entertainment. I presum that the most handsome corabined dinner and cetillon ever given in Nev-York was that of Edward Luckmeyer. It was called the 'swan dinner,' and the table had live swans floating around among green islands in a miniature lake that of cupied the centre of the table.

"Leonard W. Jerome's cotillon dinner and W. R. Travers's, at Deb nonico's, were memorable occasions. Of late years General Cutting's dinner for Miss Annie Cutting at Delmonico's of the debutantes and the costliness of the roses, which seemed to cover the rooms and hide the walls.

FAMOUS DINNERS OF RECUNT TEARS.

FAMOUS DINNERS OF RECENT TEARS. " The dinner which 'Cook's Bulletin' has called the finest ever served in the city for artistic cooking and appointments was that, given to Attorney-General Brewster by Frederick D. Thompson at Deimonico's on February 5, 7883. It cost about \$7,000, and was a remarkable affair. A Patri-

\$7,000, and was a comarkable affair. A Patriarchs' ball followed the dinner, which all the dinner guests attended. The trible was I-shaped and a mass of flowers. This was the unparallelled, brilliant season that saw the Vanderbilt isney-dress ball. Patti and Sca chi were charming pople in the old Academy with Italian melodies, and Mrs. Potter was making her first brilliant impression as an amateur. This season's gayety was so remarkable that a history of it, in book form, was compiled.

"Of course there have been handsome enterteinments since. I suppose Mr. Borrowe's dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Readley Maytin has rarely been eclipsed, while the Martins themselves have given dinners, like that on February 14, that could not be sury-assed in beauty. You know that Mr. Martin ships large quantities of pheasants and grouse to this country from his Scotch shooting-grounds, and has them frozen for him in Fulton Market. Then be has them at any time during the winter, and their flavor is remarkably fine.

Ah yes, there has been a great advance made

fine.

Ah, yes, there has been a great advance made of late years in the quality of suppers at our balls. Three delicacies are now considered indispensable and they are canvasback ducks, terrorpin and pate de foie crass. This season, however, it is difficult to get good canvasbacks. Either the best of them are shipped to English markets or there has been so much gunning at Havre de Gras and other points on the Chesapeake as to frighten and other points on the Chesapeake as to frighten them away from their feeding grounds of wild celery, thereby spolding their delicacy of flavor. It seems as if something would have to be done to prevent the extinction of the canvasback ducks; or they will follow in the wake of the buffalo. Now they are so scarce as to command \$7 to \$9 a pair. You know that when Lord Rosebery was here, that after a dinner of canvasback, he asserted that the United States should have thosen a canvas back duck as their national emblem instead of a tough and worthless bald eagle. DISHES FIT FOR PPICURES.

You thust know that one of the most exp sive as well as the latest of dishes is capons truffied in Paris. Of course they cost so much as to be in l'amited demand. Another new dish is fouryear-old mutton, it is not new on the other side, as Englishmen always prefer their mutton to be four-year-old. But at the last Farmers' dinner four-year-old mutton was thoroughly tested and pronounced a great delicacy and a decided success both in flavor and texture; the honors being divided between Frederic Bronson and J. Hobart Warren, who furnished the mutton from their flocks of thoroughbred Southdowns. These sheep were, of course, four-year-old wethers, and fatted and fed with the nicest discrimination. The serving of terrapin is another thing on which epicures have undergone a change of taste. For thirty-five years the Baltimore and Philadelphia styles have contended for the palm. The first is to serve with black-sauce and Madeira wine, the chafing dish and a little pepper being used. The Philadelphia fashion is to use fresh butter and cream, such as was formerly called a Trenton stew, and was highly thought of by General Cadwalader and other famous epicures. This is now the style of terrapin served at bigh-class dinners, only it carmot be prepared for large dinners, as the cream curdles at the least delay. year-old mutton, it is not new on the other side,

THE ETIQUETIE OF PARTING

From Tid-Bitt.

The social etiquette that regulates the time a young man will tear himself away from his very best girl is not so rigid in the rural districts as in the city. When the clock hands swing aroung toward ten and the pretty maiden by his side reminds him of the fact, the city swain goes home. Not so the youth in the rural district. Toward eleven o'clock his Janio

"You know what time it is, Ned Bangs?"

"Course I do," he replies, smartly.

"Well, I guess you'd better put out for home."

"What's the rush?"

"I'd say 'rush' if I were you, when it's most mid-

"Per you a cookie i do."
"No, you shan't. I'll call pa, see if I don't

"No, you shan't. I'll call pa, see if I don't
"Oh. yes, you will."
"You'll see."
"I'll risk it."
"Oh. you're perfectly herrid! Now, you get your
hat and clear out."
"Oh. pshaw! you'd be mad if I did."
"You wretch! You've got to go right away, for

"You wretch! You've got to go right away, so saying that."

"You don't say so."

"I do, too; and I.-I.-If you dare hiss me again!"
He dares.

"Oh, oh, oh! You are the meanest fellow. I've

"Box away."
"When are you going home?"
"When I get a good ready."
"Pa'll start you if he comes in."
"He won't come in."
"Don't be too sure of that. If ma sees the light o'll scold."

"Let's put it out!"
"No, you shan't! You'd better put yourself out."
"Soe if I do."
"You'll ait here with the cat then. I shan't keep you

company."

"Pooh! A team of horses couldn't drag you away."

"Oh, you horrid, horrid thing!"

But it is midnight before he gues, all the same, and he hasn't had to sit with the cat either.

DIRCOVERT OF A VALUABLE COIN.

DISCOVERT OF A VALUABLE COIN.

Prom The Atlanta Constitucion.

A few days ago a negro boy was standing near a trash pile and was engaged in running his toes through the debris. He noticed something bright in the pile, and when he picked it up found it to be a very small yellow coin. At first he thought it was copper, but as he fingered it, his native sense told him it was too heavy for copper, so he at once conjectured that it was made of gold. He had some business with Frank Walker and while in his office showed him the piece of money. He asked the lawyer how much he would give him for it. The attorney, after oyeine it closely, thought it was a gold dollar, and as he was particularly anxious to get such a coin to wear on his watch chain, he offered the boy a dollar for it, which he gleefully accepted.

Mr. Walker gave the coin a careful examination and became convinced that he had paid too much for it. He was in Colonel Redwine's office and took the coin out and exhibited it to the great financier. "What will you give me for it?" he asked "I'll give you a dollar," was the reply. "And I'll give you a dollar," was the reply. "And I'll give you a dollar and a quarter," interrupted a man who had come in to renew a nets. "Done," exclaimed Mr. Walker. "Here's your money," was the quick answer. The buyer left the office with his coin, and the lawyer thought he had made a good bargain.

Hurrying off to a man that bays coins, the purchaser exhibited the piece. The dealer sortifnized it closely and said: "Will you take \$25 for it?" The answer was: "No. but I'll take \$30 for it." "It's a go; here's your money," and the happy man walked out of the office.

The coin which figured in these transactions is a Confederate gold dollar, it is worth \$350. I am told that there are only six of these coins in existence. They are the only ones which were coined. They a From The Atlanta Constitution,

worth \$650 each."
The reporter came away convinced that of all the n who figured in this affair, the gentleman who is this wonderful information was the worst sold

HOW TO REMOVE A TIGHT FINGER-RING.

HOW TO REMOVE A TIGHT FINGER-RING.

From The Jewellers' Weekly.

The other day an old lady came to me with the request to saw a ring from one of her fingers. It was her wedding ring, which she had never lyad off since she was married, forty-five years before, and she was de lighted to hear that I could remove it without cutting it. I wound the finger round from the top downward with flat rubber braid, which seemed to pish the flesh down almost to the bone. Her hand was then held above her head for a few moments. Then the bandage was quickly taken off and rewound on the finger. After repeating this operation three simes I was able to remove the ring with ease.

THEIR RELATIONS MISUNDERSTOOD.

THEIR RELATIONS MISUNDERSTOOD.

From The Pittsburg Prost.

A crowd of excited men gathered around a timidlooking individual in a saloon and all began talking
to him at once. Meanwhile the new berrender appeared bored and lonely. At last he rapped loudly
on the bar with a beer glass, to attract attention, and
then said to the timid man: "Look here, if you be
runnin' for Alderman, as I recked you be, why don't
you invite the gentlemen to have something with
you?" "Y-you are mistaken, sir." responded the
finish man; "these other gentlemen are running for
Alderman. I am the voter." Then the proprietoe
rushed in and discharged the new bariender for not
knowing statesmen when he saiw them.

It was a very short letter, but it was long enough, and now the Colonel is trying to explain it by saying he didn't know the darn joke was logded.—(Washington Critic.

NEW-YORK LIFE.

THE FASHIONABLE MANICURE.

The fashionable manieure has as many engagement s the fashionable after dinner speaker, the fashionable ertist, the fashionable dressmaker, the fashionable mateur actress, the fashionable titled foreigner, as he fashionable wit. In this does her fashionablenes onsist. If she had no engagements but let her numer us patrons seek her at their own hours, she would case to be fashionable and sink to the dead level o he common-place. Her mornings are engaged to the tilt. Her tablets display illustrious names which are he despair and envy of aspirants for social honors. She is, in fact, very much of a person, a little neare han the helr-dresser, a little dearer than the chiropo dist, and in a polite, subdued way tyrannizes over he rictims, who, in their souls, are afraid of her. How s it possible with that demure and self-effacing manner that she can on occasion make people feel so small Perhaps it is the queer, quizzical way she has of studying nalls which are presented to her for the first time, of silently turning them over and holding them off, of musingly pinching the finger tips and biding her under lip, all in concentrated, brooding contemplation, with something in her air which polynantly suggests that here indeed are nalls which will take the cream of her genius to reduce to proper refluement. Through her fingers the sensitive patron

seems to feel the vibrations of her suppressed contempt quivering for an outlet. Like all professionals she is fond of traducing the work of her predecessors. Says she, after her survey of the timidly presented nails-lying in the paim of her hand like four shiny, pink, composition rose leaves such as were worn for earrings some years ago:

"You have been regularly employing a manicure?" Then glances up suddenly with a small, knowing mile lurlding round the corners of her eyes. You own the frivolous impeachment and she says, with a sigh for the follies of fashionable human nature, and a smile for the vanities into which she has struck he roots and from which she draws her sap,

"They've been very badly done. But," encouragingly, "I guess I'll be able to get them into shape. If the unhappy owner of these derided beauties has been her own manicure, and badgered her nails into the highest state of cultivation, trritation and in fiammation with a pointed stick of wood, a file, a box of red glue, which bears the cheap and enticing legend on its cover that it can be used with equal success as cosmette and a sprinkling of pink powder, she is naturally mortified by the F. M.'s sweeping con demnation, and would rather cut out her tongue than own herself the culprit. In fact she is frightened into admitting that the F. M.'s predecessor was a professtonal expert, whose name she has forgotten-faltering and blushine-and who she thought at the time was not a proficient in celebrating the rites of her cuit But the F. M. in spite of her superiority is

pleasant person. There is something quietly panionable about her which captivates, and either this or the confidential nature of her occupation has a times precipitated a confidence upon her over applications of the accommodating red glue. Then she ever bothers by forcing her own ideas upon her bud or belle who has not tasted the bitterness of thwarting Madame de B.'s rebeated attempts " to dress Mile.'s hair ' a la Barbecue ' ?" And when MdHe. prompted by the curiosity which originally caused a slight unpleasantness in the Garden of Eden, has consented, how horrible to sit and watch Madame performing prodigies of ugliness with the long tresses which she hoops and twists with cerie likenesses of the interlaced pastry curls on the top of a game pie! And finally, the tart-like chevelure completed, how unpleasant the necessity of opposing one's ley disapprobation against Madame's flushed, French enthusiasm, enriched with a juley choice of adjectives, as she stands off, comb in hand, suffused with admiration! In the F. M.'s narrow sphere there is no chance for exercising individual taste, there can be no splintering of lances, no crossing of swords-all is tranquil, peaceful, almost monotonous.

The F. M. is a busy person. In the morning, an hour before midday, she sets out, very demure and trim, with a veil fied over the front of her hat and down to the end of her nose and skirts neatly caught up out of the mud. She carries a small black bag which is as much a part of her appearance as was Theophile Gautler's red waistcoat part of his. She has several places to visit before hunch. La Cigale awaits her in her perfumed dusk, drowsing sumptuously, and in semi-wakeful state listening for the F. M's brisk knock. It comes on a sudden, sharp, decisive, clear, breaking in upon the blurred fusion of her incoherent fancies-the flotsam and jetsam left by the receding waves of sleep-like the horn of the chase in murmur-eus forcet solitude. La Cigale, heavy-oyed, but rather giad of a diversion, stretches forth a warm, and toward a bowl of heated water, which in a debris of faded roses, bonbons, a novel open on its face, a rumpled handkerchief, stands on a table beside "I don't care if it's most daylight."

"Well, I do, and you shan't stay here one second ruffle the surface on which some pink rose petals. thickly upcuried, faintly fragrant, float idly round and miration. When the F. M. enters, a practical, commonplace figure in the dim, rich room, she finds her patient ready, nestled down among the pillows, with the bowl of warm water held, for greater convenience, in the erook of her bent arm. Then she begins, opens her bag, lays out a row of shining steel implements and the boxes of powder and glue, and sets the rosy, soaked hand on the table. La Cigale, lazily interested, turns her head on the pillow, and opening her eyes a crack, watches the quick, deft movements of the professional, and the transformed nails, pink, gleaming, almond-shaped. The conversation is desultory, the one being too sleepy, the other too busy for vivacious interchange of thought.

"How?"-asks the Cigale suddenly, then pause drops asteep for a moment, wakes by degrees, and opening her eyes stares vacantly at the F.M. "Excuse me," says the latter, meeting the ox-like

stare and pausing with suspended file, " what were you "I can't remember," says La Cigale with a tender sleepy smile, yawning and stirring costly, "a great

thought has been lost," and her eyelids softly close

and she heaves a long, faint sigh of rich content.

learned to be expeditious. From La Cigale's sleepy sanctum she speeds away to Mrs. Brown's. Mrs. Brown is up and dressed, which is not odd considering the hour. The F. M. finds her lounging in a long chair in her boudoir reading the paper. The boudoir has tiled hearth, drawn comfortably out of her slippers, with that simple foolish look of unoccupied shoes-With her pudgy stocking feet Mrs. Brown pats gently and absently on the warm brown tiles, where crange flames leap and tremble in long reflections. The boudofr is sunny, warm and juxurious; Mrs. Brown is the same, but suffering from ennul and indigestion, the greatest ills of this life. With one ringed and La Cigale's, dabbling in a bowl of warm water on the stand beside her. As her eyes travel down the columns of the paper, she represses rising yawns in the depths of her inner consciousness, it being as yet too early to give way. She wears a charming wrapper.

light and dainty as a French chansonette, and she ! extremely stout, having the appearance round her neck and wrists of boiling over the edges of the wrapper.
As the F. M. is ushered in she casts aside the paper and struggles to the edge of her long chair, patting about with her stocking feet for the slippers. She gets one on, and tries to force her toe into the heel of the other, looking full-throated and flushed by the fire, at the approaching F. M. The F. M. gives discreetly quiet greeting and takes her seat at the table. Mrs. Brown works herself still nearer the edge of her chair, gripping the arms with her dimpled hands. The chair is of wieder work with plush cushions and creaks and groans in violent protest at this unseemly violence. The lady at last comfortably settled, looks warm and rather apopletic as she spreads her fat, white hands on the table. During the succeeding operation she sits speechless and motionless, breathing audibly through her nose, and staring immovably with prominent, unwinking eyes at the F. M.'s earnest face.

Once she says, looking at the clock,
"Pray don't hurry. I have plenty of time to Stience falls, with no sound to break it but the low

rasping of the file, or the click of an instrument dropped on the table. The operator works with nervous rapidity on the scraps of nails, imbedded in the plump finger tips, the operated occasionally straightens berself up, thou slowly settles like an insufficiently stiff shape of blane-mange, and the lower she settles the more prominent do her eyes

At the next house the F. M.'s advent creates an excitement. It is her first visit. Sitting in the hall she hears the running of feet overhead, the sound of voices crying. "Ethel, Ethel-the thing-um-bob's here-down in

the ball." Mamma, where's Ethel? The manicure's come." " Bridget, go and tell Miss Ethel the manicure's "Oh, Ethel, do hurry up. She's waiting in the hall."

Then heads peep curiously over the banisters. M. catches fleeting glimpses of laughing, flushed aces, with clear eyes, and hanging locks of pendulous, may hair. One figure in short skirts, a white pluaore, dark, loose curls, long black stockings and patenteather low shoes, comes to the head of the stairs, and caning easily against the banister, stares tranquilly at her till the F. M., usually the most collected of women, is quite embarrassed. Especially so when the watcher begins to report audibly on her appear-

who has dashed up the stairs, "ne maniac-ecs ze raided

"No, she looks the same as any one else, disappointed stage whisper, "she's got a bag-No. I can't see her hands, she's got gloves on-I don't think she's pretty, but she's got a veil on so I can't see

Presently comes more bustling and running of feet. Mamma, where will I take her, into the reception

"The drawing-room, Ethel." "Ah no, Ethel, into the dining-room. We can take off the cloth and sit on the table and all see. It'll be such fun."

"Not your room, Ethel, 'cause then you won't let us all in. That'il be real mean. You promised we could see if we were good." "Oh, the billiard-room; that would be splendid! Ethel could sit on the billiard table and we could stand

cound." The school-room, Ethel dear, that's the best." Ethel now appears at the head of the stairs and descends. She is a charming debutante of the season,

eighteen, slender, blooming as an American tea-rose. She looks sweetly embarrassed, blushing deliciously, and tries to be indifferent, easy and dignified. The irrepressible sisters rather mar the dignity of her advent. They mass together at the stair-head in a phalanx, and bitterly resenting the placid way she has ignored their claims, cry pleadingly,

Can't we come, Ethel?" "You said we could. That's breaking your word!"

We won't disturb the what-you-callum." "We won't make a tiny scrap of noise."

"Mamma, can't we go and see Ethel manacled?" "Mamma, isn't she just too mean to live, not let us come !"

Mamma, tell her she's got to let us come and not be so selfish and keep all the fun to herself."

This all louder for Mamma's retired ears. The phalanx are driven to desperation by the tranquil manuer Ethel's slim figure glides down the stalrs and up to the P. M. They pause in their demonstrations,

wing over each other's shoulders in hungry stience. Then a loud groan of baffled rage bursts from them as they see the F. M. rise, grasp her bag, and follow Ethel down the hall. Ethel, in truth, is angry. She ranted to be so calm, so dignified, so much of a young lady, and yet her thoughts would wander, her looks oder. She was so nervous about what those wretched children would say next. She felt that the F. M. read her embarrassment in her conscious glance, and grew hopelessly mortified and bewildered. Passing through the halls under the banisters, over which the phalanx now hang, sliently watching her, she is seized with compunction, tempered by fears of Italian vengeance, and raising her eyes to their crestfallen faces, says loftily,

"You may come if you care about it." Whereupon the phalanx comes furtously hustling down the stairs. Those who hold the banisters spring and slide by turns. The others rush along somehow and burst wildly into the school-room, out of breath, delighted, enthusiastic. They drag up chairs and form a semi-circle, the little ones, raising their skirts with one hand as they sit down in a fluff of petticoats. They fight in a subdued manner for places, and not satisfied get off their chairs and seizing thom the seats draw them a fraction nearer. It is all thrilling and novel. When the instruments are arranged they hold their breath. Then they look from the F. M. to her row of shining files and polishers and back again, nudge each other with their elbows and burst into delighted, smothered titters. When Ethel presents her hand to the F. M. the silence is solemn. Ethel herself is rather nervous. When the instruments are applied, the little sisters are frightened and with drawn brows, shrink back and cry, "Oh, Ethel, does

Then getting no answer from their haughty sister. they take heart, lean forward with bitten lips, flinching and murmuring like a sudden sufferer; as the file gves " Um !-Oh !- Huch !- Ethel, that burt awfully, didn's it ?"gazing pityingly into their sister's tranquil eyes. "I

wouldn't have it done for anything, would you?" They are all crouching forward, absorbed, enthralled, oking from the F. M. to Ethel and from Ethel to the F. M., sometimes expelling their breath with a soft moan, again drawing it in through their shut teeth, with a sizzling, watery rush, or leaning together and grasping each other with a nervous clutch. powdering and polishing begin, they grow extremely enthustastic, and close round the F. M. till she is lost to sight in the midst of a hollow square, breathing ad-

" How lovely, Ethel !"

"Um-just perfectly stunning!"
"They shine just as though they were greased!" in

a fond and tender tone of pride. In their enthusiasm they crowd so close that the F. M. has to "shoo" them off with her elbows, which she flaps up and down like incipient wings. When it is all over the children escort ber to the door, backing before her as though she was royally, and gazing in silent, unsmiling curiosity up into her face, as at the face of some magician

It is past midday when the F. M. pays her fourth visit. This is at a hotel where she has been summoned by message. She is led upstairs and shown into a private parlor with furniture covered in red velvets. On a marble-topped table in the centre is a basket of wired roses and a chaotic mass of newspapers and paper-covered novels. In the window sits the lady ho has sent for her-Mrs. Slumgullion, late from the West. She is reading a yellow-backed novel and has her feet comfortably raised on the rungs of an adfacent chair. At the demure approach of the F. M., she lays the novel face down on her lap and folding her hands on it looks over her eye-glasses at the F. M. with lively curiosity.

"You're the manieure. Glad to see you. Sit down.

John," raising her voice with such suddenness that her eye-glasses leap nervously off her nose and plunge into the loose front of her gown. " the manicure's here." Enter John from an adjoining apartment. large, red and gray, middle-aged, and looks as if he had been asleep. He comes in slowly and ponderously, tom and jerks into place. He looks rather sheepish when he sees the F. M. sitting stiffly on the edge of her chair with the black bag in her lap, and stands in the doorway absently pulling his waistcoat and looking She comes to the rescue with ready

feminine tact. "Mr. Slumguliton wants his nails fixed," she says in an easy explanatory tone, her chin drawn in, and patting about on her dress for the lost glasses; "he's going to a dinner party." She finds them in a fold, adjusts them on her nose, and throwing her head well back on her shoulders, stares through them amtably, and says with the careless command of the

habitual ruler,
"Just clear off that table and let her begin." "Where'll I put the books, dear?" says John, who is disconcerted by the F. M.'s cold, hard eye. "On the chair, on the floor, anywhere round. Stt down, John." She draws up a chair. "Have you

got everything?" she asks the F. M. The F. M. suggests the bowl of hot water. John is dispatched. He retires into the interior apartment and then issues a great crashing of crockery and the splash of running water.
"Boiling?" he cried suddenly from the interior.

"Not quite." says the F. M. burrowing in her bag, and rather absent-minded.

Presently he returns, carrying a white china washhand basin filled with steaming water. It is too big to be set on the table so is put on the floor, and John has to lean out of his chair and hold his fingers in it -an attitude which makes him puff and flush uncomfortably. Occasionally he withdraws his parboiled fingers and muttering "whew?" breathes on them and waves them in the air to cool. The P. M. still searching in her bag does not see this heartrending His wife anxiously queries in a stage whisper, Too Lot?"

"I guess I can stand it," mutters the hero, determined that what young girls go through every morning shall not make him wirce. But "II faut sauffrir pour etre belle"-how true it is!

The F. M. is now ready, and Mr. Slumgullion, in obedience to her request, spreads his two, huge, scarlet fists on the table. They look very discouraging and Mrs. Slumgullion says apologetically, as she sees the M. eyeing them dublously, meditating an attack the line of least resistance. "Mr. slamguillon on the way through had to help

dig the train out of a snow-drift, and his bands got so chapped." "Couldn't get 'em clean for a week," adds

Mr. Stamguillon in an explanatory growt.

The F. M. murmers a polite disciaimer, and the Mrs. Shamgullion sits beside them, leaning forward on her folded arms, and peering through her glasses. She presently says to her hus-" Mees Essel," the panting voice of the French maid, I band in triumph,

"Now, see how much nicer that looks than it did

He snorts derisively and mutters " Gloves !" "You couldn't wear gloves all through the dinner. Could be !" she questions, facing the F. M., who is thus forced into the thankless position of referee. P. M. is frightened and says feebly that "It's all a

She works on in silence. Mr. and Mrs. Slumguillor talk over their own affairs. The F. M. knows just what they are going to wear at the dinner party and who is expected. Finally when she is finished Mr. Slumguillon fails back in his chair with a mighty sigh, gazes thoughtfully at his hands spread hugely of his pockets says with relief, il, thank the Lord, that's over. What's the

charge ?" This is the last for one morning. The F. M. patters down the stairs and lotters home through the little park, walking in the sun and looking at the pink-faced bables dozing to their carriages.

WAIL OF THE REJECTED. Alas! And alack! And oh willow! Aha! And oho! And ohe! Oh goodness! Oh gracious! Oh mercy! And also boo-hoo! And haydar! Ah me! And oh my! And oh sorrow! And likewise oh grief! And oh woe! Wella-day! Marry! Zounds! And cont Moreover, oh dear! And heigho!

Lack-a-day! Oh thunder! Perdition!
Oh gemini Christmas! And 'sdeath!
Great Scott! Odds life! Oh distraction!
Hang the girl! I am all out of breath!

THE REGULATION SUPER.

THE MOB AND ITS WORK

"For many reasons," said a well-known actor, "I am sorry to learn that the American public will not have an opportunity next season of wirnessing additional impetus to the work that has been begun here in the direction of getting better ensembles by the employment of intelligent and regularly trained When Herr Barnay was first here some years ago he drilled the mob for 'Julius Caesar' to a legree of perfection then a most unknown here. brief experience with the Meiningen company, which he was never really a member, having joined It for a brief time because of pairiotic motives, stood him in good stead. That company certainly has the most wonderful stage management I ever saw, but they keep the same supers, or at least the leaders of them, from season to season. What has been the feature most generally talked of in Irving's presenta-What has been the tion of the 'Faust'? Is it not the grouping and movement of that mad, fanta-tic, ever-shifting, ever-Is it not the grouping and whiring rout in the 'Brocken Scene'? What would 'Paul Keuvar' have been without its mob? And the work it has done could not have been got out of the ordinary super, who has no ambition beyond earning his 25 or 50 cents a hight. People may say what they like about the improved intellectual status of the povices of to-day enabling them to do with little training, but I tell you there is nothing like an appearance crowd to give beginners case and confidence.

'I don't see that the new system of forcing has produced as good actor; and actresses as came up naturally under the old plan. Secsibility, impres sionablify and plasticity of body and temperament are more important factors in good acting than inintellectuality. What the clever actor reason; out and thoughtfully and carefully reproduces, the natural actor feel: intuitively. He is easily able to sink himself in a part, while the stronger the mind and the individuality the more difficult it is to conceal it behind. behind an assump ion. When you get the rare combination of placificity and intellect, then you get the really great actor. But I have been wandering away from the super.

At the best New-York theatres he gets 50 cents a night, and half that sum at the cheaper theatres. Of this liberal amount he has to give up a seventh as commistion to the super capta n, through whose favor he holds his position. Supers are generally advertised for in a morning paper, and the cleanest, best-dressed and be-t-looking are picked out by the super capitaln and then paraded before the stage manager. Who are they? Men of all classes, out work, with a few whose daily labors enable them or work, with a lew whose cally labous clause that to appear at night and to get away for mainees and occasional rehearsals. The supers are rehearsed in their own scenes at different times from the actors. They have one or at most two rehearsals with the company, and when not actually needed on the stage they are usually driven down to their dressing-rooms. What chance have they to understand the motives of the play, or the reasons for the actions they are called upon to perform? They shout and more with as much uniformity as can be drilled into them, and that is about all that is exceede. Then the compestion of the crowd is constantly changing. As men get other jobs they drop out. What is to held them in the thearte? Cer aluly not the pay, and equally certainly not any tase for the art or any encour a cement of god freatment they receive from the manuser or his a-sistants. Notice Harrigan's productions and you will see that the individuality of appea ance, action and exclamation of his crowds is remarkable. This is due to the fact that he employs low-priced actors for these and does not trust to the regulation super. There is no digrace in appearing in a non-speaking park. Neavey all the great for-ign actors have done this. The pupils of schools of acting here cannot do better than get practice in this way." to appear at night and to get away for mattness and

HE COULD NOT KEEP IT UP. From The Chicago Tribune.

"Laura, is your heart free!"

The young man who spoke these words sat on the extreme periphery of a cushloned chair in the elegant apartment and leaved forward in uncontrollable agitation. The handkerchief with which in his excess of emotion he wiped his nose ever and anon trembled visibly, and his voice had that dreamy, touching intonation that murbs a sensitive, high-souled map in the last stage of induenza and unrequired affection.

"Why, Mr. Hankinson," replied the lovely girl, with downcast eyes, but with a kind of don't-comeany-nearer expression on her face "your question takes me by surprise, and I hardly—"Laurat" burst forth the young man impetuously, as he glaced in a laboriously careiers way at a small

"Laura!" furst forth the young man impetuously, as he glanced in alaboriously careiers way at a small lyory tablet concealed in his left fland, "it is hardly possible for you to realize the difficulties that teset —that are peculiar to the crists which at this hour I face. You would be disposed to laugh, perhaps, if I should tell you what a tritle clogs the free cry of a heart filled with devo-with excess of love, yet which are which love will be heard despite the barriers that adverse fate appears to have elected just at this period. Hear the feeble yet, eager cry of a heart. Laura, that—" Interposed the young lady with

haste, threw the lyory tablet frantically across the room, and once more began:

"The batter with be, Biss Laura, is a cold id my head—a least, horred idflued za. Id by igdoradce add idexperiedce I had fadeled I could tell you of by affection; that I could bake byself udderstood without using ady words that would codeve to you ady lidea of the real idfirbity udder which I ab sofferige. I shall dever arais," continued the you he litterly, "try to bake a codfessed of love by boxeciting the letters ob add ed. You shile, list Laura! You laugh! You book at by bisery! Good eveding, which is Kajodes!"

Waving h's handkerchief wildly the unfortunate by young man blew a parallile, wildly the unfortunate.

hiss Kajodes!"

waving his hanckerchief wildly the unfortunate young man blew a masal blast that shook the hou e, grabbed his hat, rushed out into the chill night air, and was followed all the way home by four Chiego detectives, who mistook him for the lamented Mr.

IF THE OCEAN WERE ONLY DRY.

A PARISIAN MID-LENT.

THE JOY OF BEING A FOOL-ANTE-SALON AGONIES.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
Paris, March 8.

To-day is Mi-Careme, Mid-Lent, and a most tremendous row has been going on in the streets all day on account of it. You know, for some reason-it must be the remains of some mediaeval custom-Mid-Lent is always a time for the from stoical abstinence from chocolates and hot socawater. I don't believe, from what one sees, that here before him, and then plunging one into the depths in Paris they trouble themselves with any strict observance of the austerities of Lent, but they are very careful of the occasions for having a good time. So all day to-day one has been seeing little boys in little girls' clothes, and vice versa; middle-age boys with very large and red false noses, blowing on miclotom is " micloton" is a sort of cross between a whistle and a small drum in appearance, only you blow on it and en mousquetaire," or in some other flashy costume parading about with girls, fearfully and wonderfully clad, or unclad. It has been rather cool and has rained a good deal during the day, but they haven's seemed to mind that in the least. The whole thing reminds one a little of a St. Patrick's Day procession, or rather just before it. Every one is rushing about the streets to join this or that procession, splashed with that Celtic gayety which comes from being the object of attention from bystanders. The French are made of gayety. Their own papers notice this as one of their prominent traits. They can't bear to be grave, serious, even quiet, for a moment. That is triste," and "tristesse" they abhor more than anything else in the world. They can't bear German want to be talking, to be laughing, to be seeing some new thing. And that's what makes them enjoy a fete the performances of the Meiningen company, but one like this as much as they do—it's such a good occasion of the chief is that their appearance would have given to make a fool of one's self. I followed one young fellow for a mile or more up the Boulevard. He was dressed as a woman. As he passed one or another, he would chuck them under the chin, or shout out some bit of badinage, to which they would reply in kind. He was perfectly happy; he didn't care if he

> they're insignificant. To-day, for some reason, is the great day for the "bianchisseuses." They have a grand procession and a ball afterward. The processions though, lately, have been used by the enterprising manufacturer for reclame,"-for advertising, so that it's no uncommon with this strange device, "Use the Pastilles Geraudel. or "Buy your Clothes at the 'Gentleman.'"

attention or remarks from the crowd about. And it's

so with all of them; their vanity is so great that, if

they're not stared at, they think it must be because

Mi-Careme is really much the same thing in the way of going on as Mardi-Gras, Shrove Tuesday, only more As a French paper says: Mardi-Gras is Nineveh Mi-Careme is Babylon,"-corruption worse corrupted; for neither of these fetes can be said to be exactis inspiring to virtue. And it does certainly seem that the French are a bit like the old Babylonians, in dancing and singing, when, for all they know, the Medes and the Persians may be just outside the city walls The Medes and the Persians, in this case, are of course the Germans. And, perhaps, the French are to be excused for their levity, because their enemies are in a pretty bad way. Old Emperor William seems to be dying, and his son not much better off. This appears to afford the French a certain chastened joy; chastened by the reflection that the grandson see likely to be a King Stork, rather than the King Log his father might be.

In the meantime, while every one wonders what next in European politics, Paris manages to amuse isaelf very well with the latest toy. You may have seen a tiny toy cart, which you wind up with a string like a top, and when you let it loose it runs a course by itself. Some one has had the good idea of making a variation of this which is still more amusing. He has made a little bit of a tin man, who drags behind him a tiny tin wagon. You wind your string, pull it sharply away, and hey! presto! the young fellow begins to walk like a real person, and pulls his cart after him with great vigor. Indeed, slightly to change a quotation from "Alice," "He'z not so large as life, but twice as natural." To see his little legs walk off with him is indescribably absurd

that has sprung up in France since the Revolution happened the other day. It was at the christening of a little child, and fust as the worthy abbe was about to perform his office, the godfather roared out: " Here, you dirty old rat, go somewhere else to get off those memmertes? The fellow was arrested, and though the good abbe forgave him, justice had its course, and he was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment. the judge told him, "If you don't like priests, you

needn't have been there as godfather." They have been having two or three exhibitions before the final grand one at the Salon-the Wate Colors, the Exhibition at the Rue Volney and the Michitons. This last is the swell exhibition of Paris. No one can send to it without an invitation, and only the very prominent artists are invited. It is rather surprising, under these circumstances, that the pictures should be so poor in quality and strength. There are some few good things, however. A portrait by M. Bonnat of his friend, the sculptor, M. Falquire, is not attractive, but the character of the man is forced upon the canvas. It is too "chic,"-not sincers enough, some say. But wanting as it is in grace and final truth, it still gives a vivid suggestion of the model's personality. Most of the works sent here are portraits. So it is not surprising that M. Duran's portrait of Alphonse Karr should be one of the attractions. A stout old man, with full ruddy face, and singularly white hair,—that is M. Duran's pictorial report of the man, done in the easiest and most dash-

ing way imaginable. Now is the time when the artist, sitting in the gloomy studio, is trying to finish up his two pictures for the Salon. I say gloomy studio, not because tainly become so at about this time. "Will it get in?"
"Shall I be able to get the backing of this or that
famous professor?" "Perhaps I'd better lighten up the background a bit." "I'm afraid it may not get in." "I don't care if it does or not." But, alas, he does, and knows, down at the bottom of his heart, that he'll think seriously of suicide if it doesn't; while visions of a champagne supper, with other victorious friends, float before his eyes in case it does. Why he should care so much about it is a mystery, for if his picture gets in, it has to stand its chances for being seen with five thousand others; and if it is refused, he can console himself with thinking that many worse pictures have been admitted by the basest wire-pulling, which, of course, he is above. They all are, you know; but dark and gloomy suspicions of all fill each separate breast. Perhaps there were certain advan tages in the old regime, when the whole exhibition was run by the State. Then admissions, rejections, sky-hangings and medals were administered on the principles of strict injustice," which a clever friend of mine says should be applied to the education of

IF THE OCEAN WERE ONLY DRY.
Tracetic.

Any one that the single of the cocan, and our readers therefore will agree with us that the time has come the things of the cocan, and our readers therefore will agree with us that the time has come when it should be filled in to common grand. The common grand of the grand of the common grand of the grand of the common grand